





# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## **EDITORIAL STAFF**



BUSINESS STAFF



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### CHRISTMASTIDE

Soft crystals of pure white snow dance down out of a friendly grey sky onto the bright upturned rosy faces of joyous carolers, who lift their sweet voices to praise the Lord for His goodness, to bring Christmas cheer to everyone. Merry children whoop and shout, dance and play in the biting, nipping, winter air! Gay, sparkling lights twinkle in the dusky twilight. Everywhere there is merriment, gayety, for it is Christmas—that frolicsome time of peace on earth, good will to all men!

But let us travel in our make-believe over the tossing waves to Europe. Weary, mud-spattered, bleeding soldiers shouldering heavy rifles drag themselves to the shelter of a muddy trench. Bullets whiz, shells whistle by to burst with a deafening roar, airplanes whir overhead. Heart-rending groans and shrieks of pain of dying and wounded men, trampled unmercifully underfoot in the terrible melee, fill the air! Everywhere there is horrible suffering, dismal dejection and sadness—this on Christmas, the time of peace on earth, good will to all men!

Let us praise the Lord and thank Him for His gifts. Let us beseech Him to alleviate, this Christmastide, the sufferings of our neighbors across the waters. Dorothy Dainowski '40

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### BENEFITS OF TAXATION

People in general are apt to criticise taxes without stopping to think of their benefits. This thoughtless

## Editorial

criticism is caused by their ignorance. They don't go to their own town meetings. It is here that they become informed of what town expenses will be. Each item of expense is brought up and discussed.

There are many benefits of taxation. I will mention a few we come in contact with every day of our lives. Our schools are perhaps the most familiar benefit of taxation we know of. The taxes are used to pay salaries of our teachers, principals, janitors and supervisors. We receive police and fire protection which are important benefits because they help save our property in case of fire and they keep thieves and vagrants under control. Next we have health protection. Our milk and water are regularly tested so that we do not have epidemics of tuberculosis or typhoid fever. There are also other serious diseases controlled by vaccination and inoculation. The school nurse visits homes to assist in cases of sickness at very little cost. Our public works system provides us with a sewerage system and a water system. This system costs the least of all because the money received for water covers its expense. The streets are another important benefit. We have good streets safe for autos and trucks, and cleared of snow in winter. The public accepts these benefits but does not realize how much they cost. If they did there would be fewer complaints of high taxation.

Arthur P. Currier '40

# Literary

## SKIING

The most exciting winter sport is skiing. The skier climbs to the top of a high hill. In the distance he can see the neighboring villages and cities. All around him lies a vast expanse of white-flaked earth, dotted here and there with snow-laden fir trees. Straight ahead of him runs the ski trail. Presently he is skimming swiftly and deftly over the long, winding, snow-covered trail. The wind whips and whistles all about him as he descends. Thrills of excitement are running through his body. He is like a bird poised in flight in a world of snow. Somewhat later he brings himself to a sharp stop. He has made the trail safely. A feeling of pride surges through him.

Bernice Brierley '41

## STORE WINDOWS

A miniature Christmas scene was worked out in vivid figures. The center of this, Jesus, was represented by a tiny cherub. Mary, Joseph, and the Three Wise Men made up the rest of the scene. The Three Wise Men were adorned with deep regal purple, emerald green and scarlet velvet robes. Their full onyx colored beards, beady black piercing eyes and swarthy rugged complexions seemed so life-like one could almost hear them talking with their deep melodious voices. Mary was garbed in a creamy white gown with an azure blue cord twisted about her waist. Her simple features were so

exquisitely done that she looked like a beautiful angel. Joseph, with his olive green robe, dusty straw sandals, short stubby coal-black beard was standing at the head of Jesus' straw crib. The backgrounds were plain drab stable walls—quite a contrast to the vivid and lively colored garments of the figures. A shimmering, glittering silver star was drifting over the tiny stable.

Laurel Ayer '41

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I observed a store window filled with Christmas gifts. In the center stood a fireplace with jolly St. Nick filling children's stockings, which were hanging to the left of the chimney, with goodies. To the right was a Christmas tree of immense size, stocked, and loaded down with gayly tied bundles. One could almost imagine the electric train was for some small Jimmy, a large doll for a certain little girl, the slippers and bathrobe for Father and the assortment of powder, towels, and sweet perfumes for Mother.

On the left was a glass partition through which could be seen three tiny beds whose occupants should have been asleep. However, one was without its owner, a small boy of about four, who was peering through the door at Santa Claus. His eyes were as big as saucers, his hair tousled, but his blue eyes still twinkled merrily, perhaps partly from sheer fright.

June Barnard '41



I happened to glance in a window which contained a mountain of toys. Teddy bears glared at mamma dolls, while the soldiers, standing as straight as pokers, gazed unwaveringly ahead of them. Huge jack-in-the-boxes nodded to each other as though their grins were not on their faces permanently. Kiddy cars that looked like racing autos, were ready to be driven away by some small child. Rounding a bend in the track, a train was speeding toward a crossing. The continuous clanging of the bell, as it went through a tunnel, didn't bother the baby dolls that sat there looking as solemn as judges. Bright, shiny fire engines, with monstrous stuffed dogs on their seats, nearly ran down the small tables which had dishes as big as half dollars on them. As I went on my way I glanced back and smiled as I saw a tiny parasol fall from the rack onto the head of a huge clown.

Constance Kruschwitz '41

#### DIANE'S FIRST DANCE

Diane skipped joyfully down the shining maple staircase. Her auburn hair clung moistly to her delicate white forehead. Her pale blue eyes danced with expectation as she landed with a dainty jump on the brightly colored braided rug in the parlor.

At just that moment a gigantic ruddy-faced woman of fifty appeared in the doorway, with her big bare arms planted aggressively on her vast waistline, plainly contradicting the truth of Diane's cheerful hopes.

"Now, Miss, I ain't meanin' to be crabby, but I'm awarnin' ya that ya better not forget what yer pappy told yer only day 'fore yesterday. He told ya that he wants ya to act like a lady should act and not ta go jumpin' 'round like a clown."

"Oh Lydia, I did forget again, didn't I? But, I'm so happy. Uncle

Dick is coming today and he is bringing me a pair of black dancing slippers for the Sunday school fair and dance. You know the one I told you about. Well, it's tomorrow night, Lyd. It will be my first time ever to dance where everyone asks everyone else to dance. Lyd, don't you think dances are the grandest thing ever? Did you ever dance when you were a girl? Do you think the boys will mind if I don't dance so good at first? Did you wear black slippers at your first dance? It isn't polite to refuse boys at a dance, is it? I wonder who will ask me to dance?"

"Hush your foolishness, child. I've told you time and again I ain't never been to no dance and don't ever 'tend to, now anyways. I don't know what's p'lite and what ain't p'lite. All I know is that yer pappy said you wuz ta come with me at haf pas' ten and not one split second later."

"Half-past ten! Why Lydia, you don't think he meant it, do you?"

Diane's face at once lost all the look of childish delight and the serious side of the sixteen-year-old damsel's nature showed itself.

"Why only yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Briggs and she said Jane could stay till the very end. Oh, what will Betty, Sue, and Sally say? They'll say my father's the meanest thing they know and that I ought to stay anyway."

Diane's face brightened. Her eyes resumed their lustre of a few minutes ago.

"That's what I'll do. I'll stay anyway. Daddy won't know the difference and there's nothing he can say after the fair is over."

"Diane, you ain't aimin' to disobey yer pappy 'gin, are you? Ef I wuz you I'd come straight over ta the Lady's Aid booth for me at haf

pas' ten and count myself darn lucky."

Diane's eyes danced mischievously as she gathered some magazines together and walked across the room. She paused in the doorway of the library and tossed her head saucily.

"Now Lydia, don't peer at me so. I was only fooling and you know right well I'll do just as Daddy said."

"Eff only I was sure," were Lydia's only words.

The rows of handsome books lining the wall would, it is true, have been much more attractive to the eye if less newness and orderliness had prevailed. When Diane's father was home Diane was not allowed in the library, but she took advantage of his absence and rummaged through those volumes whose titles especially appealed to her. She selected two or three and carrying these to the window sill, curled herself up on the cushioned seat to lose herself in the remote land of romance.

Unfortunately, the effect produced was contrary to the one she sought; they stimulated the thought of the new slippers, the church fair, and the fun of evading Lydia. She read and reread lines but try as she might small details of the following night clouded her thoughts.

She closed her book and leaning back tried to make her will govern her thoughts, but though she tried hard she could not dismiss the idea of the church fair and dance from her youthful mind. Her heart beat like a drum as she thought of herself dancing to the divine music under the soft lights in the cool basement of the church.

Her delightful pictures were suddenly stopped upon the sharp clang of an old-fashioned knocker.

Diane scrambled off the window sill and darted toward the huge door. Halfway across she stopped to

smooth down her rumpled hair before a small mirror which hung on the wall near the bay window. She pulled her rough tweed skirt in place, took a deep breath and walked hurriedly toward the door. She opened it quickly and her heart seemed to sink into the depths of her brown sport shoes, as she beheld, not Uncle Dick, but a small, bald-headed delivery man.

"Sign here, girlie," he beamed.

Diane, half dazed, grasped the stubby pencil and scribbled her name on a yellow sheet of paper.

The man handed her a package done up in brown wrapping paper. Yes, the shape of a shoe box, but where was Uncle Dick?

Still in deep thought Diane fumbled with the knotted twine and quickly ripped off the paper. There before her eyes lay the most beautiful pair of black patent leather dancing slippers she had ever seen.

Suddenly Lydia came rushing in and before Diane could say a word about her new shoes Lydia cried excitedly, "Your Uncle Dick ain't comin' till next week. He had some business down New Haven way and couldn't get ta seein' ya today. He jest telephoned to Mrs. Lane's. That's the firs' time I used a phone for nigh on ten years. I scarcely knew what to do. It must be—."

Diane burst in, "Oh well, as long as I have my slippers I won't mind so much. Wasn't he a dear to get them here on time, Lyd? They really are the nicest pair of shoes I have ever seen in my whole life."

Diane thrust the slippers before Lydia and they won her immediate approval.

It was getting very late so Diane thought she had better get to bed to be prepared for the dance. So kissing Lydia goodnight she trotted up to her dainty room on the second

floor. She knelt before her bed to say the prayers that she had said ever since she was a little girl of six years. Upon finishing her prayers, she leaped into the center of her bed, pulled down the dusky pink spread and settled herself between the snow-white sheets.

She planned every little detail of the following night as she lay in bed. She planned to wear her hair pulled back from her face, piled curl upon curl on the top of her head. Then she'd wear that heart shaped locket her mother wore to her first dance. After much deliberation, she finally decided to wear a yellow tea rose in her hair.

She was again picturing herself swishing and swaying to beautiful waltz numbers when sleep overcame her and she did not wake for fully eleven and one-half hours.

It was a beautiful sunny day that dawned the next morning and Diane was full of joy just thinking of the dance. All day she dashed in and out of rooms gathering hair pins, her handkerchiefs, her beaded pocket-book, her new, as well as first, pair of silk chiffon stockings, her locket, and numerous other do-dads necessary to make a girl a beauty at her first dance.

At approximately four in the afternoon, with everything ready, Diane sat very stiffly in a straight backed chair on the porch. She was very hot and uncomfortable from the severe heat of the stuffy summer day, and the twenty-one curlers she had in her shining auburn hair.

The freckled faced paper boy of sixteen darted up the steps and said, with his hands in his patched but neat overalls, "Are you going to the dance, Dannie?"

This name had stuck with Diane ever since she was able to walk.

"Certainly, Tommy. I wouldn't

miss it for the world," she replied enthusiastically.

"Well," said Tommy, shifting nervously from one foot to another, "I'm going too, and seeing as I've never danced much before maybe you won't want to dance with me, but I would like to dance with you. Will you dance with me?"

Diane, realizing his predicament replied, "Why, of course, Tommy, I'd love to. I'll dance the very first one with you."

Tommy, smiling sheepishly, blurted out, "Gee, that's swell." And then, without another word, he jumped down off the porch and ran helter-skelter across the lawn to his next customer.

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The hall was dimly lighted and beautifully decorated with cut garden flowers. The orchestra played soft, slow, dreamy waltzes. Diane sat very lady-like in one corner of the room. Soon she saw Tommy, dressed in a light grey suit, coming towards her. He looked so tall. His hair was slicked back and his shoes were shined so brightly. Diane felt her heart beating faster and she found herself growing excited and nervous. Tommy stood before her now. As she glanced up she realized that Tommy was really handsome.

"Dance," mumbled Tommy, smiling broadly and eyeing Diane approvingly.

Diane rose from her seat and glided onto the dance floor. Diane and Tommy danced very well together. Her face was flushed with pleasure. "Isn't Tommy grand?" she thought to herself. "I never realized he was so nice before," seemed to be her only thought.

Diane danced every dance and really had a perfect time. The last dance came. Diane was pondering over the thought that you "dance the

last dance with the one you like the best." She anxiously waited for Tommy to come over and claim her for this last dance of the evening. As she saw him winding his way through the crowd, she caught her breath delighted.

As they danced to the soft strains of Diane's favorite waltz, *I Love You Truly*, Tommy queried, May I take you home?"

Diane's heart skipped a beat as this question was popped at her, but she was so delighted she immediately replied, "Why, yes, Tommy, I'd love to have you take me home."

Tommy got Diane's coat for her and helped her to put it on. As they walked home down the narrow streets of the old-fashioned town, the foliage of the trees stirred softly. The moon shone brightly on the houses and church, transfiguring the quaint old town into a fairyland. Neither talked much. When they reached Diane's home, she said, "Goodnight," and stepped softly into the dimly lighted hallway.

Diane skipped softly upstairs and slipped quietly into her bedroom. As she slipped contentedly into bed she was in a state of superb happiness. She had attended her first dance and it had proved worthy of her expectations. Also, besides attending her first honest-to-goodness dance she had found her first real beau. As Diane drifted off into the land of dreams she vowed she would never forget this night of nights if she lived to be a hundred years old.

Marguerite McKinnon '40

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### JUSTICE? THERE IS NO JUSTICE!

In my thoughtful moments, I like to ponder on the rise of woman, on the elevation of the weaker sex, the longed for position of equality with man. We have worked for it, hoped

for it, prayed for it, and waited for it, and at last it is here. We have emerged an independent creature holding jobs equal to those of men, doing feats of bravery and skill and cleverness which are not surpassed (at least not much), by those super beings, the men. Time was when woman's place was in the home, but now it is anywhere but. The air, the water, the operating room, the senate, the judge's bench,—women take to all these atmospheres like ducks to water. Yes, Sister, we have progressed!

But as I continue in my thoughtful wanderings, comes a doubt in my mind, a serpent in my mental Eden, and things just don't seem right. Now I ask you, does it seem just, that after the daughters of the family have helped set the table, scorched their faces, and stained their hands getting the meals, they should have to do all the dishes? The men in the family partake also. Why not let them take their turn at the dish pan, as do we? They sleep on beds, but did you ever hear of the men in the family making them? Does this seem like equality? Brother can lie around in old trousers and shirts, and be comfortable, but let the daughters in the house try to get away with some old slacks and sweaters. They are always threatened with the imminent caller, my dear. Now I am certainly a disbeliever in profanity, but is there any reason why the daughters of the house receive a severe lecture after emitting a mild cuss or two, when all brother gets, is an eyebrow lifted at him? What if the men do burst a button or perhaps get a rip somewhere or other. Is that any reason why we women should have to have a cozy little mending day and sew them up?

Now what I am trying to get at is this. No matter how many votes we

may cast, or how many men's jobs we may take over, or how many colleges we may go to to get knowledge and independence, there are some things that just naturally will always stick to us girls like burrs to our doggie's tail. We have these shackles to shake off yet. And now comes the unfair part. If we need a few pence for a lipstick or two, or a dot of nail polish, are we not expected to get right out with our equals, the sterner sex, and bring home our share of the bacon? Sister, you said it!

Marcia Barker '40

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### THIS THING THEY CALL A JITTERBUG

Have you ever eaten cream puffs, pickles, and tonic just before going to bed? And just as you slipped gently into the land of nod were you disturbed by the appearance of some giddy looking creatures twisting and turning in crazy contortions? In all probability you have. Now if this had happened twenty years ago all would have been promptly forgotten the next day, but imagine my surprise when upon entering a dance hall my dream (or nightmare) became a reality.

At the first glance at these modern dancers I silently gave a prayer of thanks that I had remembered my dark sun-glasses, for I felt sure that I would be glad of the use of them before the night was over, for such blazing colors I had never seen worn together before.

In front of me were two so-called jitterbugs dancing (if you will permit me to call it dancing). I had never taken much interest in the style of clothes, but the way these jitterbugs were dressed was enough to catch anybody's attention. Naturally I was first attracted to the boy's feet, which were going through such intricate motions that they were hard

to follow. His shoes were large and brown and looked more like boxes than anything else. Next came dazzling socks of hideous red and orange stripes which wended their way up about four inches above his ankle. The cuffs of his pants were rolled up, giving me the impression that he was sadly in need of a new pair, for certainly he had outgrown these about three years ago. The colors of his shirt, tie and jacket made even a rainbow look like pastel daubs for the jacket was black and green check, the shirt a yellow plaid, and the tie a deep red. I began to wonder what I could have eaten for supper for surely this was a dream, but upon pinching myself I was reassured that this was real.

The boy's partner seemed to me a very comical looking creature. She was a tall girl, about five feet, eight inches, and her figure revealed that evidently she did not believe in streamlining her shape, for it was one huge bulk which would tip the scales to about a hundred and sixty pounds. She wore a tight blue skirt and a green striped blouse hung loosely over her hips. Blue knee length stockings and shoes once brown and white, but now sadly in need of whitening, completed her outfit.

Jumping, stamping, squirming, twisting, turning, wiggling, these modern dancers flew past me. Their white teeth were bared as though in a savage dance, and not a word was spoken, so intent were they on executing this work to perfection. Had this dance hall been suddenly transformed into a deep tropical jungle the dancers would not have been out of place, for their dance was similar to the savage war dance of the cannibals.

Thus in a few short years the sweet, soft, rhythmic smoothness of

the waltz has given way to this loud, syncopated, barbaric dance of the jitterbugs.

Kathleen Long '40

### JUNK JEWELRY

As I sat studying in a spare, I suddenly heard a sound like many tiny bells. Not believing in Santa Claus anyway, I decided to investigate. No one can study, of course, when his thoughts are interrupted, especially by the unfamiliar sound of bells. But to get back to my investigation. I had barely turned around, when there was a great tinkle and down the aisle came a sweet, innocent girl with flushed face, wearing about her neck a string of tiny, gold bells with dainty, little red tongues in them. Now bells are used in the home to announce the arrival of someone, but in school one is already there and is either marked present, absent or tardy, so there is no need for a warning of one's arrival.

After having finally controlled myself, I was just beginning to concentrate on my work, when there was an awful clash beside me. A lily-white hand with garnet finger tips wearing three heavy, iron chains, wavered across the aisle, seized my eraser and bravely began to return. It was no use. The hand fell beneath the heavy weight half way across. Turning to me the young lady confided, "I wouldn't wear them but they're my birthday gift from John. He says it's the nearest he'll ever get to locking me up." Accompanying this with a restrained giggle, she resumed her studying.

I now gave up all hope of finishing my work that period and decided to make a survey of the junk jewelry in the room. Lo and behold! There in the third seat in front of me, sat a girl with a bright red teaspoon

twisted around her wrist. I felt as if I had been struck by lightning, for seated next to her was a girl with a red and black fork coiled around her wrist. I began to search frantically for someone with a knife. It was like reading a to-be-continued story. I couldn't find one anywhere. As I searched I saw someone wearing a huge bunch of bright red cherries. "Now," I thought, "they should all get together and make a party of it."

That night I staggered home too weary and sick to eat my supper. I went to bed early and dreamed that I had stabbed someone with an invisible knife and had been condemned to death. I sat in the prison bound by huge, iron chains and was given as my last meal, cherries, which I alternately ate with a tea-spoon and a fork. As I was eating I could see through my cell window gigantic gold bells which were tolling my funeral march.

Mary DeNault '40

### HIGHWAYS AND HORIZONS

This is the name given to the General Motors' exhibit at the New York World's Fair. This exhibit accommodates six hundred people every fifteen minutes. There is always a triple line waiting to see the immense "Futurama" covering 35,000 square feet.

Descending a winding ramp, we step on a moving platform and sink into a deeply upholstered chair. We then move out into sunlight and into a world of to-morrow.

While moving in this chair we look down into a glass casing and gaze and wonder at the highways and horizons of to-morrow, described by a phonographic record in the back of every chair. We see cities, towns, lakes and rivers, country clubs, forests, valleys, snow capped mountains and even industrial plants in opera-

tion. A network of highways carries the traffic to smaller towns, while express motorways drive straight on to the cities of the future. We experience the thrill of night coming and going, and when looking at the mountains we see snow falling and the temperature falling.

This is the largest and most realistic scale model of its kind in the world. It contains 500,000 individually designed houses and buildings, over 1,000,000 trees and shrubs of eighteen different species, and 50,000 scale model vehicles of all kinds. The *Futurama* is a dramatic illustration of how, through continued progress, the usefulness of the motor car may be expanded and better living increased.

Norman Andrew '42

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### EAGLE EYE

(My version of Hawkeye)

Eagle Eye's canoe came 'round a bend in the stream where he was floating, but something was wrong. The scout sat motionless as several Indians crept forward. One rose and let out a blood chilling whoop as he shot an arrow through the heart of the scout.

No sooner had the arrow struck, than there were heard three sharp cracks and three Indians toppled into the stream. A second later Eagle Eye came around the bend in another canoe following the first one in which was a clever dummy and not Eagle Eye at all.

Having discovered the suspected ambush by this clever ruse, he pushed forward with greater speed. He was lucky that he had sent the dummy ahead for if he hadn't his scalp would be now decorating some enemy's tepee.

Dewey Dyer '43

### NATURE AND ITS GLORIES

Oh! What is this I hear? A low gurgling, purling, bubbling murmur is wafted on a lazy breeze. A brook! A brook which ripples over the shining white pebbles forming tiny whirlpools, which rustles through the swaying weeds, and wends its course away out of sight. I quietly slip down to the soft, moss-covered bank and cautiously lean over the edge. I peer into the cool, clear water. I see minnows flitting and darting about like silver arrows. Reaching out to snatch one of these silver darts—Splash! What a surprise! And thus are terminated my observations on the wonders of nature.

Pauline Dainowski '43

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### SUMMER RETURNS

When winter comes and the snow is falling  
And all the lovely flowers are dying  
I give a sigh  
And wish I could fly.  
I'd follow the birds that go down  
South  
And bring them back again.  
I'd melt the snow in each corner and  
nook  
And I'd break the ice on the babbling  
brook.  
I'd beg the trees to put on their  
leaves,  
And then 'twould be summer again.

Walter Frost '42

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### BOSTON'S SOUTH STATION

Boston's South Station is a picture of vivid excitement throughout the week. Here are found people from all walks of life—the broker with his brief case, students carrying books, shoppers, visitors, and many others, hurriedly rushing to and from their respective trains. Red-capped porters

may be seen laden with bags and suitcases, weaving, with some difficulty, through the crowds of people while carrying their ponderous burdens. Above the boisterous conversation and bustle of the crowd rises the sing-song voice of the train agent announcing the arrival and departure of the trains on their respective tracks. Adding to this bedlam is the long drawn-out "All aboard" of the conductor, amid the puffing of the engine, the shrill clang of the bell, and the many "Good-byes" and "Pleasant journeys." Occasionally, at this moment, one might notice a frantic individual, rushing to the ticket window, hastily slamming down his money, and, having bought his ticket, madly doing a comical bit of broken field running through the wondering masses of people, to board his departing train in the nick of time, uttering a proverbial sigh of relief when on board. This is Boston's South Station, probably one of the busiest places in the city.

Robert Wenzel '42

led the way toward the bargain counter.

"Stop pushing," the lady in front of me said.

"I wasn't pushing," I replied calmly. "I was being pushed."

"Oh, I see," the lady replied sarcastically. "Just see that it doesn't happen again."

Well, I had never been so embarrassed before. This lady was accusing me of pushing her in a Christmas rush!

Priscilla pushed through the crowd. I tagged along after her. At the bargain counter I had never seen so many people before, all grabbing for the same thing at the same time. I took one look around and pulled Priscilla by the arm.

"Come on, let's get out of here."

So we made our way back through the crowd and out to the street. I sighed a breath of relief.

"I'll never go to a bargain counter again as long as I live," I told Priscilla. And I never will, either.

Mary Wilkinson '43

### AT A BARGAIN COUNTER

It was during the Christmas rush, and I, as always, was doing some last minute shopping. I was in one of the larger department stores being pushed around when I spotted a friend of mine coming towards me struggling under an armful of bundles.

"Priscilla," I shouted.

"Oh, Mary," she panted as she reached me, "this Christmas rush is terrible. Next year I'm starting my shopping in November. Oh, I'm sorry," Priscilla apologized to an aged lady as they collided with each other. "Let's go over here." Priscilla

### A NOBLE EFFORT

A true friend was Antonio.  
A blow was Gratiano.  
Portia had lots of dough,  
So Bassanio loved her mo.  
Now Shylock was a Jew,  
Nerissa I could woo.  
Launcelot was a wind bag,  
Gobbo was an old hag.  
There you have my essay,  
Please teacher, give me an A.

R. Kimel '41



### ALUMNI NOTES

Frank Hill, '39, is attending Boston College.

William Amshey, '39, is at Boston College.

Lois Pitkin, '39, is taking a Liberal Arts course at Boston University.

Brian McKiernan, '39, is attending Massachusetts State College.

Margaret Keating, '39, is training to be a nurse at Manchester Hospital.

Mary Peel, '39, is at Radcliffe.

Our "Tommy" Sullivan, hard-fighting, sophomore halfback from Holy Cross has done great things for the Crusaders. He has come through with several spectacular plays in some of Holy Cross' outstanding games. Says Joe Sheeketski, head coach at Holy Cross: "I think that Sullivan is going to develop into a great football player," and we think so too.

### EXCHANGES

#### *The Cub*, Ipswich High School

A fine magazine. Your "Diary" section is unique. We say keep it up.  
*Rocks and Pebbles*, Rockport High

Your art editors deserve special comment on their excellent cartoons. Why don't you try having a little more in your literary section, for instance, some poems contributed by the students?

#### *The Punch Harder*, Punchard High School

The whole magazine is very well done. Your editorial and literary sections deserve special credit, and

## Record

your news reporters also did well. Good work!

We have received requests for exchanges from several other magazines which have not yet been published.

### JOHNSON HAPPENINGS

The election of class officers was held and the following officers were elected for this year:

#### SENIORS

President	Philip Miller
Vice-President	Robert Hall
Sec.-Treas.	Katherine Wainwright

#### JUNIORS

President	Robert Sullivan
Vice-President	Ernest Summers
Sec.-Treas.	Dorothy Nicoll

#### SOPHOMORES

President	George Gildea
Vice-President	Daniel McCarthy
Sec.-Treas.	Jean Swanston

#### FRESHMEN

President	Leo Lafond
Vice-President	James Allen
Sec.-Treas.	Betty Kreusel

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After clubs had been selected by the classes, the first meetings were held and the officers chosen. The results were as follows:

#### CHEMISTRY CLUB

President	Arthur Currier
Vice-President	Philip Kelly
Secretary	Constance Kruschwitz

#### CHEFS' CLUB

President	Robert Sullivan
Vice-President	Ernest Summers
Secretary	William Lafond

**DRAMATIC CLUB**

President	Muriel Chadwick
Vice-President	Elaine Farnum
Sec.-Treas.	Ann Chase

**GLEE CLUB**

President	Barbara Colebrooke
Vice-President	Alice Bannan
Treasurer	Viola Bell
Secretary	Betty Kreusel

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Vice-President	Doris Rea
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**DEBATING CLUB**

President	John Greenler
Vice.-Pres.	Robert Garneau

**GIRLS' HOBBY CLUB**

President	Doris Wilson
Secretary	Mary Norris
Treasurer (to Feb. 1)	Ruth Diamont

(After Feb. 1) Anna Evangelos

Quite a bit of amusement has been derived from the initiations of the various clubs. It was not at all peculiar to see new club members with large bows on their hair or carrying dolls about. We thought it might be a case of second childhood, but no, it was just an initiation. Some members were obliged to wear aprons to classes, while others had adopted the coiffure commonly called "pig-tails," with a blue ribbon on one and a red on the other.

A new club was formed by the enthusiastic stamp collectors. The club's adviser is Miss Kelly.

\* \* \*

The Senior-Freshman Dance was held on November 17th. The dance was a real success, and accomplished the trying feat of making the bashful (?) freshmen come out of their shells and make friends. The freshmen did dance though, (thanks to the urging of Mr. Donovan) and two

freshman girls especially had a good time we are sure. Leo Lafond, the freshman president, made a short speech of thanks, and the evening ended with everyone in high spirits.

\* \* \*

Maybe it's news to you, but we have a keen observer in our midst. William Morse, a member of the sophomore class, noticed a small dog with a black ear running around our dearly loved school the other day, and when a few moments later he read in the local paper that a similar canine had been lost, he made it his business to check up on all these goings on.

He went to Mr. Hayes, who checked up on the identity of the dog. Then after a chase he caught the puppy and returned him to his master. Morse received the reward, which just shows what observation can do for a fellow.

\* \* \*

A rally dance was held on the Tuesday before the Johnson-Punchard football game by the girls' basketball club. Many pupils attended and dancing and cheering were enjoyed. Everyone who went to the dance should be commended on the orderliness kept by such a large group. Refreshments were on sale.

\* \* \*

Bruce, the magician, befuddled the minds of many of us at a recent assembly. Mr. Bruce's personality and humor added greatly to his display of magic which astounded us. I guess he astounded Miss Betty May, too, when he pulled the rabbit out of her arms. He had us all guessing under which cylinder the bottle was, and by the way, which one was it under? Gales of laughter were heard when Mr. Bruce went fishing in the air and really caught live goldfish. We hope we have more of this type of assembly.



Well, fellow bookworms, just a short three months ago, Coach Cavalieri issued the first call for football candidates. Forty eager aspirants answered the call on that August day. Among them were the following stars and lettermen of last year's team: Capt. John Ranfone, Bing Miller, Tony Giragosian, Bob Hall, John Lanni, Jimmie Winning, Clifton Stone, Ernie Summers, Art Greenwood, Bob Sullivan, Bill Lafond, Ed Doherty, and Eddie Garnneau. Things had hardly gotten rolling, when old man jinx hit us right between the eyes. First, Eddie Garnneau moved to Nashua (where he is now playing first string quarterback by the way) and Ed Doherty was stricken with appendicitis. This left the backfield in a mess, but a newcomer, Frank Stewart, filled one place to perfection. Different players were tried in the other place, but were all found to be lacking in something. Then Coach Cavalieri hit upon the idea of changing Bob Sullivan from a center into a back. His added power was all that was needed, and according to the latest results, he hasn't done badly for himself in the scoring department, scoring 11 touchdowns and kicking 8 points after, for a total of 74 points to lead everyone else in greater Lawrence.

Here are the desults for Johnson:

## Athletics

Name	G.	Tch.	P.A.	T.
R. Sullivan	10	11	8	74
W. Lafond	10	6	1	37
A. Greenwood	9	5	2	32
F. Stewart	9	2	1	13
P. Miller	10	1	0	6
E. Summers	10	1	0	6
Safety				4
	—	—	—	—
	26	12	172	

The schedule that the team had to face this fall wasn't any picnic as such teams as Leominster, Stoneham, and of course our old rivals, Methuen and Punchard, show. I shall try to give you a short resume of each of the games. They are as follows:

Leominster 27, Johnson 0: On a scorching day Johnson opened its season with Leominster High, at Leominster. The boys didn't do half badly for Leominster only earned one touchdown, the others coming through pass interception.

Johnson 6, Danvers 6: Johnson came through with flying colors at Danvers after last year's terrific beating. Johnson scored in the first period when Greenwood ran a punt back for a touchdown, behind perfect blocking. Danvers scored in the final period by a long pass into the end zone, making it a 6 to 6 tie. Capt. John Ranfone was carried off the field with what was believed to be severe back injuries. They were only bruises. Bob Hall was put on the sidelines for a week with a twisted ankle.

Johnson 27, Central Catholic 6: Johnson took a weak, but not at all disheartened Central Catholic team over the hurdles easily on the John-

son field. Although Central scored first they didn't have a chance against the eager Johnsonites set for their first victory.

Methuen 12, Johnson 7: I can't add to what you already know, for the majority of you were there at our Johnson field. We were beaten, but only after a hard fight.

Johnson 12, St. John's 0: The following Saturday Johnson traveled to St. John's to open the football season for the home club. Our boys came out victorious after a hard-fought game. Touchdowns were scored by Bob Sullivan and Bill Lafond.

Johnson 32, Chelmsford 0: On Boosters' Day Johnson completely outclassed an average Chelmsford High team in every department of play at our Johnson field.

Johnson 27, Burlington 0: The following Saturday, the team went to Burlington to meet their small but scrappy team. Touchdowns for that day were scored by the regular backs, Lafond, Stewart, Greenwood, and Sullivan, with Sullivan contributing three conversions by placement kicks. Although these four did the scoring there was no real standout in the game for there was fine spirit and cooperation.

Johnson 13, Howe 7: Flushed by the successes of the previous three weeks, Johnson went into the game at the Howe field eager to make it four straight wins. Make it they did. Howe put up a stubborn fight to the very end. The outstanding event was an amazing 60-yard run by Bill Lafond, for what proved to be the winning touchdown. Bob Sullivan made the other one.

Stoneham 14, Johnson 13: Johnson lost by one point, a tough game packed with thrills and chills. After trailing by one point 7-6 at the half, Johnson forged ahead in the final

period with Bob Sullivan getting his second touchdown of the day and Artie Greenwood converting the extra point, only to lose in the last two minutes. It was a great game and one which was no disgrace to lose.

Johnson 35, Tewksbury 0: In this game Johnson waltzed to the sixth win of the season. Everyone on the squad played in the game. Bob Sullivan and Artie Greenwood each scored two touchdowns, Bill Lafond, one. Johnson scored one safety through a blocked Tewksbury kick.

Punchard 6, Johnson 0: Whatever the spell is, that the Andover playstead holds over Johnson, it is still working, and working strong. We had the better team and a team that was confident of winning, but whatever the reason was, it has been the cause of our not winning since 1913. There have been some ties, but I know that Johnson couldn't be so bad as not to beat a traditional rival in the last twenty-six years.

The game started as a game between traditional rivals should, with both teams giving and taking plenty of bumps and bruises. Johnson got the jump on Punchard right at the start with an Arthur Greenwood surprise quick kick, which carried for fifty-three yards. Caught so unprepared, Punchard could not get started, and Johnson camped in their back yard for practically the whole first half.

In the closing minutes of the third period, Bill Lafond intercepted a



Punchard pass and, with apparently nobody to stop him, was off to the races, until the unexpected happened. A run-away freight train in the form of Tom Noyes, slammed into him on the 20-yard line so hard that Bill had to be taken out. What a hand he got; but he deserved every bit of it for that 40-yard run back! Here the Johnson attack bogged down and Punchard took over and punted out of danger right away.

Time was running out fast and the game seemed to be inevitable when disaster struck. Punchard intercepted a Johnson pass at midfield. Then Noyes smashed off tackle and romped forty-five yards to Johnson's two-yard line. After a gallant stand for two downs, the Johnson line bent a half-yard, which was just enough to give Punchard a touchdown and a win.

There was plenty of grumbling and squawking from the crowd about the lack of bleachers. So what do you say we start a campaign to bring the Thanksgiving game to *North Andover* next year?

(Everybody played a stellar game, with the line bucking of Bob Sullivan the highlight of the game. The field was in such a condition that the razzle-dazzle type of play was impossible.)

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### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Comes November, and the girls' basketball practice has gotten under way. Miss Colburn and Miss Jensen have a whole new squad reporting, showing a great deal of promise. All the old members are out in full force, determined to do their best.

With two new teams in the league this year, Burlington and Dracut, it should be a season of interesting competition.

### KRAZY KORNER

Teacher: "Tommy, name five things that contain milk."

Tommy: "Butter an' cheese, ice cream, an' two cows!"—*Boston Post*

Speaker: "Is there anyone here who knows what an air pocket is?"

Small voice from back of the room: "I do. It's where God keeps all his money."

Ball player: "It was the last of the ninth inning. There was two strikes and three balls on me. The pitcher got ready and threw the ball. I swung."

Ardent fan: "Go on—go on. How far did you hit the ball?"

Ball player: "I-er-ah-just swung. When I woke up I was in the hospital."

Bookstore Clerk: "This book will do half your work for you."

Sophomore: "Fine, I'll take two of them." —*Junior Review*

Son: "Father, this man and girl were out in a canoe and the girl dropped her wedding ring into the lake. The next day the maid was preparing a fish dinner, and when she cut down the fish's back, what do you suppose she found?"

Father: "Oh, that's easy—the ring."

Son: "Oh no, the backbone."

Magician: "I've always said that the hand is quicker than the eye."

Small voice: "Is that why you got that black eye?"

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Contributors: Charles Leslie, Warren Dill, Francis Driscoll and James Palumbo.

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*Note:* The linoleum cut on page 14 was designed by George Carroll, '43; the one on page 15, by Ernest Summers, '41.

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